

S N U F
A 1162. e. 23
P O E M,

By Mr. JAMES ARBUCKLE.

Non indecoro pulvere sordidos.
HOR.



EDINBURGH,

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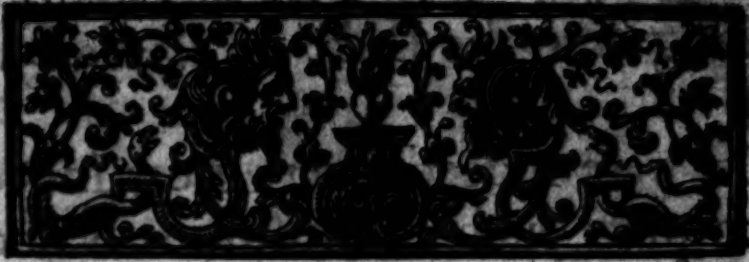
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To His Grace
J O H N
 Duke of *Roxburgh.*

MY LORD,



F a just and elegant Taste
 of Life, joined with an
 uncommon Proficiency in
 all the Parts of Learning,
 applied on every Occasion
 to the Service of the Publick, be a suf-
 ficient Motive for an Address of this
 Nature, the Author of the following
 Poem has all the Reason in the World

to think himself happily directed in inscribing it to the Duke of *Roxburgh*.

It were indeed a very great Indecency to place such an illustrious Name in the Front of so trifling a Performance, were not the Protection of the Great and the Meritorious, a Privilege the Muses have constantly laid claim to. But it would be still more indecent, should I offer to Sport with the Dignity of your Character, by touching in this Place, on any of those shining Qualities that have rendered *Your Grace* at once a *Support*, and an *Ornament*, to your *Country*. Your being called into the Counsels of the greatest Monarch that ever sat on the *British* Throne, as early as the Commencement of his Reign, tho not sooner than the Wishes and Expectations of all the honest Part of the Nation, is too glorious a Testimony to the Worth of the generous Patriot, and the accomplished Statesman, to be capable
of

of receiving any additional Weight. And the same Greatness of Soul that has in so many Instances afforded such a-bundant Matter of Applause to the World, sets you too much above it, to make it agreeable to a Mind actuated with other, and far nobler Considerations.

BUT, tho I will not presume so much as to mention those superior Virtues, that have drawn on *Your Grace* the Esteem and Admiration of Mankind, yet the Meaness of the present Offering lays me under a Necessity of pleading that singular Goodness and Humanity you are every where so celebrated for, in Apology for intruding into your Presence, without bringing any Thing with me that it would not be Weakness and Vanity to imagine, capable of entertaining a Person of *Your Grace's* Judgment and Spirit. It is in this amiable Light I must behold You, before I

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can flatter my self with the Hopes of
your Stooping to receive the imperfect
Essay of a young and trembling Muse,
or of pardoning the Ambition with
which I fondly desire to be known,

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace's

Most humble,

most devoted, and

obedient Servant,

J^A. ARBUCKLE



SNUFF

A

POEM.

TO SNUFF the Muse her grateful Homage brings,
And feels that Inspiration which she sings.

Not let the humble Theme be thought profane,
Too low a Trifle for the Poet's Strain:
The Muses, tho' a Race celestial, love
Mean Cottages, and the obscurer Grove:

The *Mantuan* Prophet, in whose Work divine
 * *Arms, and the Man* with heighten'd Splendor shine,
 Has yet in Numbers no less lofty told
 The Praises ev'n of Dust, and common Mold.
 And shall a Swain to humbler Prospects born,
 Behold a nobler Kind of Dust with Scorn?
 A Dust that bountiful and unconfin'd,
 Its Favours distributes to all Mankind.

No *Delphian* God the Muse shall here implore,
 To grace her Song with shining Epick Lore,
 A Song whose Subject supercedes his Pow'r.
 Whilst there is Inspiration in her Theme,
 She supplicates no foreign Aids of Flame.
 O SNUFF, do thou my Box abundant fill,
 And so supply thy Poet's Want of Skill;
 Largely thy pungent Particles dispense,
 To set a keener Edge upon his Sense,
 Brisk Seeds of Life through all his Nerves diffuse,
 And to thy BARD at once be Theme and Muse.
 So thou with a peculiar Glory shalt
 Upon thy self alone thy self exalt,

No foreign Honours wear, no Graces show,
But what do from thy own Perfection flow.

Of old when e'er the Bard began to feel
His Fancy flatten, and his Spirits chill,
A Raw insipid Damp oppress his Brow,
And check the Soul in its impetuous Flow,
Short was the Cure, he had but to refine
His Genius, and awake its Powers with Wine.
For lib'ral then the generous Juice did run;
It foam'd in every Tub about the Town,
And Poets not as yet made Fortunes sport,
Were topping wealthy Rogues, and great at Court.

But ah! what should the modern Poet do,
His Lawrel barren, and his Patrons few?
(The Muses Friend, *Mecænas* now no more,
Mecænas, whom the Muse shall still deplore!)
How shall he rouse his Flame, or warm his Heart,
When Claret's,—*Bacchus* knows, how much a Quart!
What shall relieve him, when his Nails invade
His Temples, and confound his lab'ring Head?

Blest be his Shade, may Lawrels ever bloom,
 And breathing Sweets exhale around his Tomb,
 Whose penetrating Nostril taught Mankind
 First how by *Snuff*, to rouse the sleeping Mind.
 For now the sinking Bard's not forc'd to quit
 His Task and Turn despondent of his Wit,
 When pondrous Vapours doze the sprightly Strain,
 And Stagnate the brisk Atoms of the Brain,
 But in a Breath invigorates the Pow'rs,
 And Motion to the languid Nerves restores.
 Th' incumbent Load the powerful Grains discharge,
 And set the clos'd imprison'd Soul at large,
 Like some great Monarch in a Rebel Land,
 Shut in it's Palace, its own pineal Gland.

No more his Fingers knock at Natures Door
 For new Supplies from an exhausted Store,
 But are employed in pouring in of more.

The learn'd Adepts, who searching Natures Ways
 Have wander'd oft in many a wondrous Maze,

Have

Have long as certain and undoubted taught,
 That in the Intervals of wearied Thought,
 Those sudden Streams of Knowledge frequent roll
 Resistless down into the vacant Soul,
 Which strong Reflection long had trac'd in vain
 And tedious Study labour'd to obtain.
 Each Bard's Experience will make this appear
 A Thesis to a Demonstration clear;
 Long has his Muse her airy Gambols play'd,
 At length her Wind falls, and she trots a Jade.
 What are you mad? — Will you the Race pursue?
 Spur not, — she's perfect lame, — 'twill never do.
 To calm his Thoughts at length a Pinch he takes
 The Force of Thought the dark Amusement breaks
 In that short Respite from her lab'ring Throws,
 The Soul recruits, then with new Vigour flows;
 Now Images that long had molding been
 With mighty Pain, jump ready molded in,
 The foundring Muse revives, she mounts on high,
 Frisks in the Air, and curvets in the Sky,
 With Ease the Bard rings round the sounding Chimes,
 Pleas'd with the Toil of coupling ready Rhimes,

And does not longer wildly foam and puff,
 Champing the Jingle — He's reliev'd by *Snuff*.
 What tuneful Odes to thee, O *Snuff* belong,
 To whom he owes the Musick of his Song!

And when his Brain o'erloaded, giddy swims
 With jaring Similies, and juggling Whims,
 And various floating Images confuse
 The wandring Judgment, and perplex the Muse,
 Thy speedy Aid disperses all the Storm,
 And casts the jumbled Pictures into Form.
 * So when two num'rous Swarms of *Bees* engage
 For some disputed Hive with hostile Rage,
 The dreadful Fight the batter'd Air resounds,
 And horrid Murmurs breath no gentle Wounds;
 The watchful Farmer from afar descries
 The valiant Brood embattled in the Skies;
 Trembles and grieves for the Ambrosial Spoils
 He shortly hopes from their more peaceful Toils;
 He hastes, beneath the Warriours takes his Stand,
 And scoops among their Ranks whole Floods of Sand.

Their

Their Wounds, and Anger urge a longer Stay,
 But foreign Wars intestine Feuds allay,
 Both Armies part, and end the doubtful Fray.

Nor is it the poetick Train alone
 That the Advantages of *Snuff* have known
 Oft is it mingled with the Parson's Prayers,
 And Silvers feigning Eyes with real Tears
 And when the holy Drudge on solemn Days
 His Talents and his Industry displays,
 If into Labyrinths of Fustian led,
 He chance to stay, and snaps the brittle Thread,
 And the great void of Eloquence supplies
 With nauseous Praise or dull Scurrilities,
 'Tis *Snuff* that keeps the suffer'ing Flock awake,
 And patiently resign'd to hear him speak.
 With *Snuff* the jolly Bottle Friends refine
 Their Mirth, and add new Atoms to their Wine.
 The graver Citizen, whose anxious Heart
 In all the publick Changes bears a Part;
 Who deeply plunged in the grand Affairs
 Of Europe, disregards all meaner Cares;

Whose

Whose nightly Thoughts deep Politicks employ,
 Whilst Wife in vain groans for the Nuptial Joy:
 In clearing learned Roper's doubtful Page
 The more profound Attention to engage,
 At proper Intervals his Snuff-box draws,
 Sucks up a Pinch, and makes a solemn Pause,
 Which shews there's something weighty in the Clause.
 What e'er it be, the *Snuff* has strange Effects;
 Sudden *Machiavel* his Brow erects.
 The supercilious Muscles large extend:
 The knotty Puzzle now is at an End.

So when before some long beleaguerr'd Town,
 A Thousand gallant Feats the Foes have done,
 Oft Horn-works storm'd, and Countercarps in vain,
 At length they sap, and fire the smutty Train;
 The smutty Train, deep Srratagem! does more
 Than all the battering Engines could before:
 From the wide Mortar bursts the glowing Bomb,
 Pointing Destruction to the stately Dome;
 It mounts aloft, winds thro' the broken Skies,
 And vomits Floods of Lightning as it flies;

The Cannon-Ball or on the Rampart beat,
 Or strows with hapless Limbs the doleful Street;
 But more successful Mining levels all,
 While these but fire a Church, or shake the Wall.

Quickly, my Muse, this arduous Path decline,
 Lest thou be overwhelm'd in thy own Mine.
 As in the Ruines of that direful Blow
 Friends oft promiscuous mingle with the Fog,
 So may'st thou too, be from thy Lodgement blown,
 Although the Ammunition be thy own,
 And rise, to fall with greater Fury down.
 The cloudy Statesman, and the gloomy Pit,
 To undesigning Mortals fatal quit;
 Fly from the ghastly subterranean Flame,
 And in a fairer Light behold thy Theme.

With *Snuff* the beauteous *Celia* shades her Face,
 And adds a Foil to ev'ry obvious Grace.
 Her Lips o'erspread with dusky *Vergo*, speak
 The brighter Colours on her lovely Cheek;
 Now disapproved of his light, *Thou* art
 Now pleasing in vain to brightly shine.

Nay underneath the tawny Shade they wear,
 The Lips themselves more beautiful appear
 For Beauty mask'd, like the great Few who shun
 The Praise, and Honour by their Merits won,
 By how much, it denies its own Applause,
 Or seems but so to do, a greater draws.
 For apt t' imagine more than is conceal'd
 The Fancy hightens ev'ry Charm that's vail'd.
 Old Hoards of Treasure bury'd in the Ground
 So Fame reports far greater than they're found.
 Hence long the Ladies various Ways have try'd
 Their native Charms with Artifice to hide;
 As Poets, when they would affect the Heart,
 Disguise their Skill, and cover Art with Art.

First did the *Velvet Mask* a while take Place,
 And shrouded up in Sable all the Face.
 How useful was the Vizer's friendly Aid!
 At once it shelter'd, and adorn'd the Maid.
 Secure the Ladies wafted thro' the Streets
 From chipping Winds, and Summer's scorching Heats;
 Now disappointed of his lewd Designs,
 The blouzing Sun in vain so brightly shines;

No longer he their Flames can steal away,
 T' augment his own; and double guild the Day.
 Yet long the Mask had not in Fashion been,
 E're doleful bad Effects were from it seen;
 Of all her Splendor was the Nymph bereft;
 No sparkling Sample of the Face was left;
 To give the Gazer's Fancy Room to draw
 An Image of the whole from what he saw.
 Nay more, profanely it a Screen became
 To ev'ry fallow Maid, and wither'd Dame:
 To faded Belles an equal Pow'r it gave
 If not to charm and conquer, to deceive.
 These weightier Reasons quickly did explode
 Those that concurr'd to make the *Mask* the Mode.
 Coaches do more effectually conduce
 To all that is pretended as its Use;
 Afford an ampler Shade, and are beside
 More stately and august Machines of Pride.
 Nor do our modern Belles those Dangers run,
 Or stand th' Encounter of the Morning Sun.
 Seldome their Charms his envious Eyes behold,
 'Till past his Noon, grown impotent and Old.

When far advanc'd in the declining Way,
 With feeble Force he shoots the distant Ray,
 In lazy Fogs the World-invested leaves,
 And dips his shining Locks in Western Waves,

The *Mask* thus useless and a Nuisance grown,
 At last is laid aside thro' all the Town,
 Nor ever on the *Virgin's Face* appears,
 But when on some Mysterious Course she steers,
 The Muse will not unfold, — *Patches* assume
 Its lovely Seat, and triumph in its Room.
 As when by Heav'n's Decree, this earthly Ball
 Shall be dissolv'd, and into Atoms fall,
 Its broken Fragments mouldering down a page,
 The Wreck shall scatter round the Realm of space,
 So when the *Vizor's* Reign was at a Close,
 A World of *Patches* from its Ruins rose,
 With these the artful Maid diversifies
 Her Charms, 'at once to please us, and surprize.
 To more Advantage is the White display'd,
 It takes a Lustre from the neighbour Shade,
 As those fair Stars, which in the Heavens we view,
 Impart a deeper Tincture to the Blue,

No less these sable *Stars* adorn the Dame,
 And brighten ev'ry Charm into a Flame,
 The blooming Face to fair Advantage show,
 The blissful Heaven of ev'ry mortal Beau;
 Yes Heaven; not think that Folks so deep as Beaus,
 That Name but for important Reasons chose;
 A Name, that raises with becoming Grace,
 So just an Image of *Aurelia's* Face,
 Where now a Heaven in little we survey,
 At least the fairest Scene the Heavens display,
 A Starry Confluence in a Milky-way.

Yet Time at length, what will not Time subdue?
 To wicked Ends perverted *Patches* too,
 Made like the Planets which they represent,
 Portentous Signs of what they never meant;
 To fix where Belles their Favours would dispose,
 What Party *Chloe*, or *Ananda* chose;
 If *Whigs*, or *Tories* most successful were
 At Court, and consequently with the Fair,
 In various Dispositions rang'd to show
 The different Fates of Lovers high and low.

No more was it their Aim and Use to move
 The tender Soul with Sentiments of Love,
 To give a Vigour to the Beauty's Charms,
 And call Mankind from Strifes of fatal Arms,
 Instead of such a soft pacifick View,
 As might the rugged Hearts of Men subdue,
 They now but serv'd t' inflame a factious Age,
 And add the fire of Jealousy to Rage.
 Fondly Mankind indulg'd the impious Flame,
 When in such gentle Bosoms dwelt the same.
 Ah! say not Muse, a Tale too sad to tell,
 What dire Mischances from this Cause befell;
 How Beauties out of Principle deny'd,
 Or gave their Smiles to this, or t' other Side;
 How *Britain's* Sons, that with indignant Scorn,
 (For Conquest fitted, as to Freedom born)
 Had seen the *Gallick* Host, a mighty Train,
 In wide Array o'erspread the spacious Plain,
 And with a noble Ardor urg'd the Fight,
 By *Patches* now were put to shameful Flight,
 To cruel States devoted Victims fell,
 And angry Aspects of an hostile Belle.

Ev'n Heroes whom th' un pitying *God of War*
 Did in the dreadful Fields of *Blenheim* spare,
 Where tir'd with Slaughter, yet not fill'd with Blood,
 The *Boian* Bands he plung'd in *Ister's Flood*,

But thou, O *Snuff*, from all these Ills art free,
 Nor e'er such Mischiefs can be charg'd on thee.
 This better *Mask* by all the Fair be worn;
 This better *Mask* shall all the Fair adorn.
 Well may it fill the *Mask's* and *Patche's* Place,
 That wanting all their Faults, has all their Grace,
 So *Poets*, rival *Painters* in that Name,
 Their Methods various, but their Work the same.

To grant a short Recess from *Talk* and *Tēa*,
 To help the tedious live-long Hours away,
 To give the thoughtless Sex a thoughtful Look,
 By Chance at Work, or poring on a Book;
 For this alone, were this its only Use,
 The gentle Belles the modish *Dust* should choose;
 But ev'ry Belle on happy Trial, knows
 This is not all the modish *Dust* bestows,

Not vulgar is the Lodging it demands,
 But fit to Grace, and shine in Female Hands.
Peruvian Hills their radiant Wombs disclose,
 The yellow Mass on *Vulcan's* Anvil glows;
Oysters their pearly Tenements reveal,
 And quits the *Tortoise* his transparent Mail.
 The Sooty God exerts his utmost Skill,
 To give the Fair a new Device to kill;
 Tempers, and Shapes the pliant Ore 'till wrought
 Into the Model of his heav'nly Thought,
 And sets the glitt'ring Shells in various Views;
 The glitt'ring Shells a mingled Blaze diffuse.

Thus arm'd, can *Celia* choose but daily gain
 New Conquests, and extend her haughty Reign?
 Ten Thousand killing Airs not yet explor'd,
 Does not the *Snuff-Box* to the Sex afford?
 Her taper Fingers tap the gay *Machine*,
 How many Charms are in that Instant seen?
 The fragrant Atoms as her Hand conveys,
 Its ruddy Hue her glossy Palm display's,
 Her polish'd Arm reflects a lovely White,
 And the bright Di'mond spills its Drop of Light.

To Beauty how much Homage Mortals pay?
 How boundless and Despotick is its Sway?
 How blindly all its Dictates we obey?
 From it the Rules of Elegance we draw;
 It gives Mankind the Fashion and the Law.
 The *Snuff-Box* recommended by the Choice
 Of all the Fair, soon gains the publick Voice.
 No more th'unwary Youth whom Beauty fires,
 Through nauseous *Tube* polluted Air respire,
 Whose putrid Smack his humid Lips retain,
 And makes each Maid his loathsome Kifs refrain,
 To better Uses he his Breath employs,
 And in a nobler way the *Plant* enjoys.
 With easier Freedom, and a manly Air,
 Of Unconcern he now accosts the Fair,
 Nor fears t'exhaust his Stock of Eloquence,
 (In Sound so lofty, tho' so low in Sense.)
 His Hand so well supply'd with proper Means,
 At every Period, to recruit his Brains,
 All that th'enforcing *Cane* was wont before,
 Does now the Conduct of a *Pinch*, and more;
 Procures him Time to model his Address,
 And Floods of Nonsense in their Birth suppress;

Collects his Thoughts, or if too dull to think
The Want supplies with an emphatick Wink.

But see, the *Snuff-Box* in his Hand he wears,
The fair Resemblance of an *Heart* it bears:
Mysterious Toy! Sure Art and deep Design,
Not Chance contriv'd the wonderful *Machine*,
The *Cyprian* Queen lent to her Sons this Aid,
A wily Gift to bend the stubborn Maid.
Troy did the *Greeks* by Gifts at length obtain,
By Arms attempted ten long Years in vain.
So even when Youth, and Love, and Flattery fail,
O'er Female Coyness, Presents will prevail:
More than his Heart what Swain a Nymph can owe!
A nobler Gift can any Swain bestow?
What cruel Nymph can then the Bless withhold
From Swains, that give her both their Hearts and Gold,
A sparkling Gift, adorn'd in every Part,
With all the nice Embellishments of Art.
With equal Wonder and Delight we View
Its rich Materials, and its radiant Hue,
And yet not more the polish'd Surface shines,
Than in the Lid the Painter's gay Designs.

Where

Where we, as in a Magick Circle, see
 A whole Creation in Epitome,
 Th' enchanted Spot our dazled Sense beguiles,
 With all the Beauty in a thousand Miles.
 So knits the Glass the Sun's diffusive Rays,
 And catches in a Point, the boundless Blaze:
 Here spreads the Plain, and there the shady Grove,
 The early Seats of Innocence and Love.
 Tall Mountains seem beyond the Clouds to rise,
 And intercept from neighb'ring Vales the Skies.
 In other Lights again we seem to view,
 Nor in the painted Landskip miss the true,
 The Chrystal Brook by mimic Channels pass,
 In lovely Mazes through the matted Grass.
 Here bends the Milk-maid to the laden Cows,
 And there fat Sheep in lussy Pastures browz.
 Fond cooing Turtles through the Meadows stray,
 And Nymphs and Shepherds not less fond than they.

But lest our modern Beauty's should disdain,
 These aukward Lovers, and the rural Scene,
 A fairer View the artful Youth prepares,
 Soft Couches, Beds of Down, and easy Chairs,

Where lock'd in Bliss, the wanton Penell feigns,
 Consenting Dam'sels, and dissolving Swains.
 Instructive Scenes, that give the Youth improve
 In the Mysterious Ways and Rites of Love,
 And let the Fair his smother'd Wishes see
 For what he sighs, and where he longs to be.

When with his ruin'd Countrey's dear Remains
 Encamp'd the *Dardan* Chief in *Latine* Plains,
 There led by Fate to finish Heav'n's Decree
 And found a second *Troy* in *Italy*;
 Back on his Labour with Delight he smiles,
 And hopes a speedy End of all his Toils;
 Regards the spacious Region all his own,
 And young *Ascanius* destin'd to a Throne,
 His Wishes yet new Obstacles oppose,
 A valiant Rival, and a crowd of Foes.
 His Mother Goddess his Distress survey'd,
 Nor from her Son with-held her gracious Aid.

* In a low Vale, retir'd from vulgar Eyes,
 The Tumults of the Camp, and Soldiers Cries,

As

As on the Margin of a limpid Flood,
 Opprest with Care the pious Hero stood,
 His thoughtful Head against his Lance reclin'd,
 And Crest, profusely waving with the Wind,
 Wrapt in a Mantle of ethereal Plume,
 Full in his Sight descends the heavenly Dove:
 With Speech divine she calm'd his anxious Breast,
 And on his Lips immortal Nectar prest:
 Then to the Chief the sacred Armour shew'd,
 At her Request wrought by the Lemnian God:
 Long ev'ry Piece his wond'ring Eyes demands,
 And boasts the Work of more than mortal Hands:
 But tho' in Beauty every Piece excels,
 Unwonted Glories deck'd the holy Shield:
 There had the God, to various Science bred,
 Nor in the dark Desires of Heaven unred,
 In mystick Characters engrav'd the Fate,
 And future Glories of the Roman State:
 And from its God-like Founder trac'd the Line
 Down to th'exalted Youth of Form Divine.
 A mighty Band of Conquerors to come,
 The Boast of Human kind, as well as Rome,

There

There with the Trophies, of a thousand Wars,
 The Spoils of Nations, in triumphal Cars,
 Now all the Borders of the plated *Shield*,
 As all the World in after Ages, fill'd.
 Pleas'd did the Chief each wondrous Figure view,
 Nor yet th'obscure prophetick Meaning knew.

A better Gift the Goddess now bestows;
 Her Sons their Fate in clearer Emblems shows.
 More Wonders here our happy Youth behold
 Than did *Aeneas* in that *Shield* of Old.
 Those Scenes the Chief with martial Fury fire;
 These warm the Soul with Love, and gay Desire;
 Where, if 'tis Strife, the strife is all to raise
 A long Posterity by gentler Ways.
 The Triumphs only of a single Race
 Contain'd that *Shield* in such an ample Space,
 Here we survey in smaller Bounds confin'd
 A larger Scene, th' Achievements of Mankind.

What strange and wondrous Virtue must there be
 And secret Charm, O *Snuff*, conceal'd in Thee;

That

That bounteous Nature and inventive Art,
 Bedecking Thee, thus all their Pow'rs exert,
 Their Treasures, and united Skill bestow
 To set thine Honours in majestick Show?
 But Oh, what Witch-craft of a stranger Kind,
 Or Cause too deep for humane search to find,
 Makes Earth-born Weeds imperial Man enslave,
 Not little Souls, but even the Wise and Brave?

The virtuous Chief, who Crowns and golden Chains
 And Life it self for Liberty disdains,
 For which undaunted to the War he goes,
 Embracing Toil, and flying from Repose,
 Yet stands by *Snuff*, a willing Slave, subdu'd,
 And doom'd to wear its Marks of Servitude;
 Nor at the Triumph of his Conq'ror grieves,
 But spreads the Stain, he Ornament believes.
 Unlike in Looks the pristine Heroes were,
 Equally Gruff to both the Bold and Fair.
 Of Size enormous, unpolite, and strong,
 All Arts they scorn'd to sooth the Fair and Young.
 Equipt like Warriours when they came to wooe,
 To frighten was their Method to pursue.

Hence

Hence while in Fight the brandish'd Blade they bore,
 Each upper Lip terrific Whiskers wore,
 To strike Amazement in the Foes afar,
 And carry in their Front the Gloom of War.
 So grim an Air, might have its Use in Fight;
 But who to vanquish Females, seeks their Flight?
 To brush the Tortures of a stunted Beard
 Where Softness dwells, — indeed were wondrous hard.
 Ah! how could *Cynthia's* tender Lips sustain
 A Kiss, that pall'd the Pleasure with the Pain?
 For this our Youth a gentler Art devise,
 A Cloud of *Snuff* the Whiskers Place supplies,
 That strikes not less with dread the distant Foe;
 But Ladies are not to be cheated so,
 Nor fly those Terrors which a Feint they know.

Now Muse, observe, how from so small a Thing
 So many Blessings to a Nation spring;
 How what at first for Pleasure was design'd,
 A Good commences of a nobler Kind,
 Calls out the *Britons* from their native Shore,
 The Crown enriches, and employs the Poor.

Far from the *British* Isles the Land is seen,
 (A vast Expanse of Ocean spread between)
 Where grows the Plant, whose Leaf eatin'd and bruis'd,
 In such Abundance is by *Britons* us'd:
 Thither the Sailor led by Hopes of Gain,
 Directs his Voyage thro' the pathless Main,
 Nor dreads to see the rolling Billows heave,
 But rides intrepid o'er the booming Wave,
 And calmly smoaks his Pipe, while direful Blasts
 Distend the Sails, and clatter on the Masts.
 Thus train'd to Dangers, and enur'd to Woes,
 Which for the scented Freight he undergoes,
 With equal Ardor in his Country's Cause,
 He learns to stick for Liberty and Laws.
 With distant Nations Intercourse restores,
 And brings both *Indies* to *Britannia's* Shores.
 The Wealth of foreign Climes our own is made;
 And Nature's Wants supply'd by Hand-maid Trade.
 For us the Grape expends its generous Soul,
 And vivid Sparkles in the *British* Bowl.
 Its Feathers th' *Ostrich*, and the *Lynx* his rough
 Surtouts contribute to *Clarissa's* Muff.

Th' Oyster its lucid Glob unfolds with Care
 To grace the snowy Bosom of the Fair,
 Where mingled with the Ruby's sanguine Dye,
 It pours its Brightness on the dazled Eye.
 The Flow'rs of Tea for our Assemblies grow,
 And taper Canes to prop the limber Beau.
 Ev'n comely Pug to complement the Fair,
 Vouchsafes to breath our grosser Northern Air.
 And thus the Pow'rs a thousand Blessings grant,
 The happy Fruits of one distinguish'd Plant.
 So nimble Hounds, when eager in the Chase,
 The winding Hare they thro' her Doubles trace,
 Oft spring new Game the tainted Gales betray,
 And seize at Hand an unexpected Prey.

Bless, O ye Britons, bless that sacred Name,
 Yet by the Muse unsung, but not by Fame.
 Whom *Phæbus* first inspir'd to lead the Way,
 To distant Worlds beyond the Western Sea,
 Where, when from us withdrawn, his Beams disperse
 Their Warmth to Nations clad in Innocence.
 Not like the young *Pelleas* did he grieve,
 That Nature had no other Worlds to give:

His more extensive Soul remov'd the Veil,
 Of Ign'rance, did her latent Side conceal,
 Thought one Horizon an Attempt too small,
 And grasp'd the whole Circumf'rence of the Ball,
 Too great the beaten Road of Fame to run,
 No Guide he had, nor Pat-ern but the Sun.

But let not my ambitious Muse debase
 Thy Fame, *Columbus*, in unhallowed Days,
 To such a mighty Task let none aspire,
 Whose Bosom glows not with celestial Fire,
 That feels not sacred Extacies like thine,
 When in thy Breast was roll'd the vast Design,
 Thy working Fancy drew the future Scenes,
 Of Natures Charms in visionary Plains.
 Such Raptures *Milton*, and the *Mantuan* knew,
 When *Eden*, and *Elysian* Fields they drew.
 He, only he, can paint with equal Rage,
 Those ardent Passions in his deathless Page,
 Whose heavenly Muse has Godlike *Caro* shewn,
 Just taking Flight into a World unknown,

Painful the Way, the Place uncertain too,
 For Shadows, Clouds, and Darkneſs choak'd the View.
 For me, 'tis Praise enough in looſer Strains
 To ſing the Product of thoſe happy Plains;
 To trace the various Bleſſings *Snuff* ſupplies,
 Which from thy great Adventure dates its Riſe!

How the green *Herb* grows in its native Soil,
 The Ways of Culture, and the Planter's Toil;
 What curious Lines compos'd of many a Thread,
 From the great Stem in vagrant Branches ſpread
 The ſecret Conduits where the fragrant Soul
 Transfus'd, perſpires and vegetates the whole;
 Which in their Texture, and their Uſe contain
 An apt Reſemblance of the humane Brain,
 A fatal Omen, that at laſt they muſt
 Be bury'd there, and Duſt return to Duſt:
 I ſlightly paſs, unwilling to prolong
 Though with ſuch pompous Ornaments, my Song.

Yet

Yet e're I part, one Virtue more remains,
 That justly claims the Tribute of my Strains,
 Its wondrous Pow'r to lenifie the Smart,
 At least suspend the Anguish of the Heart.
 See we not daily the Distrest compose
 If not the Cause, the Mem'ry of their Woes,
 And Grains of Comfort in a *Snuff-box* find,
 Deny'd all Help, and Pity from Mankind?
 How many thus not only can restrain
 Their anxious Thoughts, but even divert their Pain?
 I know a Cripple, whom I oft have seen
 In pensive Mood hop o'er the flow'ry Green,
 Great were the Labours in his Way he found,
 Nor gain'd he but with mighty Blows his Ground,
 Yet thus fatigu'd, oft would he undismay'd,
 Nor with the Thoughts of coming down afraid,
 In all the Fury of his rapid Clinch
 Stop short, and quit his hold, to snatch a *Pinch*,
 Then as if quickened with new Vigour, stalk
 With steady Courage on his toilsome Walk.

Tho' in some solitary pathless wild,
 Where Mortal never trod, nor Nature smil'd,
 My cruel Fate should doom my endless Stay
 To saunter all my lingering Life away,
 Yet still I'll have Society enough,
 While blest with Virtue, and a Pinch of Snuff;
 Enough for me the conscious Joys to find,
 And silent Raptures of an honest Mind.
 Instruct me, Heav'n, my Passions to controul,
 And sheath in Innocence my temper'd Soul;
 Then thro' the waste Serene I'll pick my Way,
 As now on fair * *Lagana's* Banks I stray.
 Those growy Banks! where first my Soul was warm'd
 With tuneful Numbers, and with Nature charm'd;
 Where first the Beauties of the Muse I saw,
 And heard the Summons with a filial Awe.
 ' Youth, (so she spoke) I have adopted thee,
 ' Renounce thou therefore all the World for me.
 ' The sitting Joys of giddy Fortune shun,
 ' Nor in the crooked Paths of Av'rice run.

No

* The River *Lagan* that empties it self into the Sea at *Belfast*.

' No other With indulge, nor Ways explore,
 ' Than did thy great Forefathers all before;
 ' Like Them, my Honours shall thy Temples show,
 ' If like them, thou shalt all for me forego.

She said—her Words the Heav'nly Maid confest,
 An Impluse more than mortal shook my Breast.
 My youthful Labours now compleated lye
 Their Author pants for Immortality.
 While *Sylvan* Maids, their Garlands to compose,
 Nip the blue Vi'let, and the blushing Rose,
 To th' Altar Priests the holy Vervain bear,
 And Victor Brows, the Warrior Lawrel wear,
 Peculiar Honours, Muse prepare for me;
 The wondrous *Herb* I sing my Crown shall be;
 Grac'd with a Jewel of the British Crown,
 Shall Envy dare to tarnish my Renown?
 And when to death shall yield this mortal Frame,
 (For die it must, tho' never shall my Fame;) No
 Where the blest *Plant* in native Beauty grows,
 Commit my Body to its long Repose:

There

There as it moulders, shall it kindly feed,
 And with its Substance cloath the embryo Seed.
 The earthly Parts shall to the Stem adhere,
 The rest exhale in aromatick Air.
 So fragrant shall my Mem'ry be and Dust,
 The promis'd Blessings of the Good and Just.
Hibernian Druids then shall sing my Lays,
 And largely quench my sacred Thirst of Praise;
 While pious Matrons consecrate my Mold,
 Like precious Relicts of the Saints of Old,
 And dealing it about from Hand to Hand,
 Disperse my Glory thro' my native Land.

F I N I S.

